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THE  
Legend of  
PIERS GAVESTON.

By  
Michael Drayton.

*LONDON.*







## Peirs Gaueston,

From bloomy shadowe of eternall night,  
Where cole-black darknes keeps his lothsome cel,  
And from those Ghosts, whose eyes abhorre the light,  
From thence I come a wofull tale to tell.  
Prepare the stage, I mean to acte my part  
Singning the scenes from my tormented hart.

From *Stygian* lake, to gracelesse soules afflig'd,  
And from the floud of burning *Achton*,  
Where sinfull spirites are by the fire refin'd,  
The fearfull Ghost of wofull *Gaueston*.  
With black-fac'd furies from the graues attended,  
Vntill the tenor of my tale be ended.

Wing-footed *Fame* now summons me from death,  
In fortunes triumph to aduance my glorie,  
The blessed Heauens againe doe lend me breath,  
Whilst I reporte this dolefull Tragicke storie:  
That soule and bodie which death once did sinder,  
Now meete together to reporte a wonder.

B. Michael Drayton.





O purple-buskind *Pallas* most diuine  
Let thy bright fauchion lend me Cypresse bowes,  
Be thou assistinge to this *Poet* of mine,  
And with thy tragicke garland girt his browes,  
Pitying my case, when none would heare me weepe  
To tell my cares hath layde his owne to slepe.

You mournfull maydens of the sacred nine,  
You destinies which haunt the shades beneath,  
To you fayre muses I my playnts resign,  
To you black spirits I my woes bequeth,  
With fable pens of direfull ebonie  
To pen to proesse of my tragedie.

Drawe on the lines which shall report my life  
Wrth weeping words distilling from thy pen,  
Where woes abound and ioyes are passing rife,  
A vere meteor in the eies of men,  
Where in the world a wonder-world may see  
Of heauen-bred ioye and hell-nurst miserie.

Declare my ebs, and ther my swelling tide,  
Now tell my calmes, and then report my showres,  
My winters stormes, and then my summers pride,  
False fortunes smiles, then her dissembling lowres,  
The height wherto my glorie did ascend:  
Then poynt the period where my ioyes had end.  
When



*Piers Gaueston.*

When famous *Edward* wore the english crowne  
Victorious *Longshanks* flower of chivalrie,  
First of that name which raigned in *Albion*,  
Through worlds renownd to all posteritie:  
My youth began, and then began my blis,  
Euen in his daies, those blessed daies of his.

O daies, no daies, but little worlds of mirth :  
O yeares, no yeares, time sliding with a trice:  
O world, no world, a verie heauen on earth:  
O earth, no earth, a verie paradise:  
A King, a man, nay more then this was hee,  
If earthly man, more then a man might bee.

Such one he was, as *Englands Beta* is,  
Such as she is, euen such a one was, he.  
Betwixt her rarest excellence and his  
Was neuer yet so neare a *Sympathy*,  
To tell your worth, and to giue him his due,  
I say my soueraine, he was like to you.

His court a schoole, where arts were daily red,  
And yet a campe wher armes were exercis'd,  
Virtue and learning heere were nourtished,  
And stratagems by souldiers still deuis'd:  
Heere skilfull schoolmen were his counsaylors,  
Schollers his captaines, captaines *Senators*.

Here sprang the roote of true gentilitie,  
Vertue was clad in gold and crownd with honer,  
Honor intituled to Nobilitie,  
Admired so of all which looked on her:  
Wisedome, not wealth, possessed wisemens roomes,  
Vnsiting base insinuating gromes.

Then Machiuels were loth'd as filthie roades,  
And good men as rare pearles were richly prized,  
The learned were accounted little Gods,  
The vilest Atheist as the plague despised.  
Desert then gaynd what vertues merit craues,  
And artles Pesants scorn'd as basest slaues.

Prid was not then, which all things ouerwhelms:  
Promotion was not purchased with gold,  
Men hew'd their honer out of Steele helmets:  
In those dayes fame with blood was bought and sould,  
No peti-fogger po'd the poore for pence,  
These dolts these dogs, as traytors banisht hence.

Then was the Soulder prodigall of blood,  
His deedes eternizd by the poets pen  
Who would not dye to doe his countrey good,  
When after death his fame remained to men;  
Then learning liu'd with liberalitie,  
And men were crownd with immortalitie.

Graunt

*Piers Gaueſton.*

Grant pardon then vnto my wandring gholt,  
Although I ſeeme laſciuious in my prayſe,  
And of perfection though I ſeeme to boaſt,  
Whilſt here on earth I troad this weary maze,  
Whilſt yet my ſoule in bodie did abide,  
And whilſt my fleſh was pampred here in pride:

My valiant father was in *Gascoygne* born,  
Aman at armes, and matchles with his launce,  
A ſouldier vow'd, and to King *Edward* ſworne,  
With whom he ſeru'd in all his wars in *Fraunce*,  
His goods and lands he pawnd and layd to gage  
To follow him, the wonder of that age

And thus himſelfe he from his home exil'd,  
Who with his ſword ſought to aduance his fame,  
With me his ioy, but then a little child,  
ould, Into the Court of fameous *England* came,  
Where as the King, for ſeruice he had done,  
e. Made me a page vnto the Prince his ſoone.

My tender youth yet ſcarce crept from the ſhell,  
Into the world brought ſuch a wonderment,  
That all perfection ſeem'd in me to dwell,  
And that the heauen me all their graces lent:  
Some ſware I was the quinteſſence of nature,  
raune And ſome an Angell, and no earthly creature.



*Peirs Ganeſton:*

The heauens had lim'd my face with ſuch a die  
As made ech curious eie on earth amazed,  
Tempring my lookes with loue and maieſtic,  
A miracle to all that euer gazed,  
So that it ſeem'd ſome power had in my birth  
Ordained me his Image here on harth.

O bewtious verniſh of the heauens aboue,  
Pure grain-dy'd colour of a perfect birth,  
O faireſt tincture adamant of loue,  
Angell-hewd bluſh the proſpectiue of mirth,  
O ſparkling luſter ioying humane ſight,  
Liues ioy, harts fire, Loues nurſe, the ſoules delight.

As purple-treſſep *Titan* with his beames,  
The ſable cioudes of night in ſunder cleueth,  
Enameling the earth with golden ſtreames,  
When he his crimſon Canapie vpheaueth,  
Such whre my beauties, pure tranſlucent rayes,  
Which cheerd the Sun, & cleerd the drouping dayes.

My lookes perſwading orators of Loue,  
My ſpeech diuine infuſing harmonie,  
And euery worde ſo well could paſſion moue,  
So were my geſtures grac'd with modeſtie,  
As where my thoughts intended to ſurprize,  
I eaſily made a conqueſt with mine eyes.



*Peris Ganeſton*

A gracious minde a paſſing louely eye,  
A hand that gaue, a mouth that neuer vaunted,  
A chaſte deſire, a tongue that would not lye,  
Alyons heart, a courage neuer daunted,  
A ſweet conceit in ſuch a carriage placed.  
As with my geſture all my words were graced. /

Such was the worke which nature had be gonne,  
As promiſed a gem of wondrous pricee,  
This little ſtar foretold a glorious funne,  
This curious plot an earthly paradise,  
This globe of bewtie wherein all might ſee  
An after world of wonders here in mee.

As in the *Autumn* all ſeaſon of the yeare,  
Some death-preſaging comet doth ariſe,  
Or ſome prodigious meteor doth appeare,  
Or fearfull *Chafma* vnto humane eyes.  
Euen ſuch a wonder was I to be hold  
Where heauen ſeem'd all her ſecrets to vnfold.

If cunning'ſt penſill-man that euer wrought  
By ſkilfull arte of ſecret ſumetry,  
Or the diuine *Idea* of the thought  
With rare deſcriptions of high poeſy,  
Should all compoſe a body and a mind,  
Such a one ſeem'd I, the wonder of my Kind,

*Peter Gammston,*

With this fayre bayt, I fiste for *Edwards* loue,  
My daintie youth so bleasd his princely eye.  
Heere sprang the league which time could not remoue  
So deeply grafted in our Infancie,  
That frend nor foe, nor life nor death, could sunder,  
So seldome seene, and to the world a wonder.

O heavenly concord, musick of the minde,  
Touching the hart-strings with such harmonie,  
The ground of nature, and the law of kinde,  
Which in coniunction doe so well agree,  
VVhose reuolution by effect doth proue,  
That morrall men are made deuine by loue,

O strong combining chaine of secrecie,  
Sweet ioy of heauen, the Angels oratorie<sup>s</sup>  
The bond of faith, the seale of sanctitie,  
The soules true blisse, youths solace, ages glory,  
An endles league, a bond that's neuer broken,  
A thing diuine, a word with wonder spoken.

With this faire Bud of that same blessed Rose,  
*Edward* surnam'd *Carnaruan* by his birth?  
Who in his youth it seem'd that Nature chose  
To make a thing whose like was not on earth,  
Had not his lust and my lasciuious will  
Made him and me the instruments of ill.

With

*Peirs Gauenston.*

With this sweete Prince, the mirror of my blisse,  
My soules delight, my ioy, my fortunes prid,  
My youth enioyd such perfect happines,  
VWhil'st tutors care, our wandring yeares did guide,  
As his affections on my thoughts attended,  
And with my life, his ioyes began and ended.

VWhether it were my beauties excellence,  
Or rare perfect ons that so pleased his eye,  
Or some diuine and heauenly influence.  
Or naturall attracting *Sympathie*.  
My pleasing youth be came his senses object  
VWhere all his passions wrought vpon this subiect,

Thou Arke of Heauen, where wonders are inroled,  
O deape of nature, who can looke vnto thee?  
O who is he which hath thy doome controled?  
Or hath the key of reason to vndoe thee:  
Thy workes diuine which powers alone do knowe,  
Our shallowe Wittes too short for things belowe.

The soule deuine by her integritye,  
And by the functionous agents of the minde,  
Cleeer-sighted, so perciueth through the eye  
That which is pure and pleasing to her kinde,  
And by hir powerfull motions apprehendeth,  
That which beyond our humaine sence extendeth.

This



*Peirs Gaueston.*

This *Edvard* in the Aprill of his age,  
VVhil' it yet the Crowne sate on his fathers head,  
My *Ioue* with me: his *Ganimed*, his page,  
For licke as May, a lustie life we led  
He might commaund, he was my *Snueraigns* sonne,  
And what I saide, by him was euer done.

My words as lawes, *Autentique* he alloud'd,  
My yea, by him was neuer crost with no,  
All my conceits as currant he auow'd,  
And as my shadowe still he serued so,  
My hand the racket, he the tennis ball,  
My voyces echo, answering euery call.

My youth the glasse where he his youth beheld,  
Roses his lipps, my breth sweete *Nectar* showers,  
For in my face was natures fayrest field,  
Richly adorn'd with Beauties rarest flowers,  
My brest his pillow, where he laide his head  
Mine eyes his booke, my bosome was his bed.

My smiles were life, and Heauen vnto his sight,  
All his delight concluding my desier.  
From myne eyes beames he borrowed all his light,  
And as a flie play'd with my beauties fier,  
His loue-sick lippes, at euery kissing qualme,  
Cling to my lippes to cure their grieve with balme.

Like



*Peirs Ganeſton.*

Like as the wanton Yuic with his twine,  
When as the Oake his rootleſſe bodie warmes,  
The ſtraighteſt ſaplings ſtrictly doth combyne,  
Clipping the woodes with his laciuious armes:  
Such our imbraces when our ſport begins,  
Lapt in our armes, like *Ledas* louely Twins.

Oraſ Loue-nurſing *Venus* when ſhe ſportes  
With cherry-lipt *Adonis* in the ſhade,  
Figuring her paſſions in a thouſand ſortes,  
With ſighes, and teares, or what elſe might perſwade  
Her deere, her ſwete, her ioy, her life, her loue,  
Kiffing his browe, his cheek, his hand, and his golue

My bewtie was the Loab-ſtarre of his thought,  
My lookes the Pilot to his wandring eye,  
By me his fences all a ſleepe were brought,  
When with ſweete loue I ſang his lulloaby;  
Nature had taught my tongue her perfect time,  
VWhich in his eare ſtroake duely as a chyme.

VWith ſweeteſt ſpeech, thus could I ſyrnize,  
VWhich as ſtrong *Philters* youthe's deſire could moue,  
And with ſuch method could I rhetorize,  
My muſick plaid the meaſures to his loue:  
In his faire breaſt, ſuch was my ſoules impreſſion,  
As to his eyes, my thoughts made interceſſion.

Thua

*Peirs Ganeſton.*

Thus like an Eagle ſeated in in the ſunne,  
But yet a *Phenix* in my ſoueraignes eye,  
We act with ſhame, our reuels are begunne,  
The wiſe could iudge of our *Cataſtrophe*:  
But we procede to play your wanton prize,  
Our mournfull Chorus was a world of eyes.

The table now of all delight is layd,  
Seru'd with what banquets bewtie deuife,  
The *Sirens* ſinge, and falſe *Calypſo* playd,  
Our feaſt is grac'd with youths ſweet comœdies  
Our looks with ſmile, are ſooth'd of euery eye  
Carrorſing loue in boules of Iuorie.

Fraught with delight, and ſafely vnder ſayle  
Like flight-wing'd Faucons now we take our ſcope,  
Our youth and fortune blowe a meri y gale,  
We looſe the anchor of our vertues hope:  
Blinded with pleaſure in this luſtfull game,  
By ouerſight diſcard our kinge with ſhame.

My youghfull pranks, ate ſpurs to his deſire,  
I held the raynes, which rul'd the golden ſunne,  
My blandiſhments were ſewell to his fyer,  
I had the garland whoſoeuer wonne :

I waxt his winges and taught him art to flye  
Who on his backe might beare me through the ſky  
Here

*Piers Galloway.*

Here first that sun-bright temp'le was defild,  
Which to faire vertue first consecrated,  
This was the fruite, where with I was beguild,  
Heere first the deede of all my fame was dated:  
O me! euen heere from paradise I fell,  
From angels state, from heauen, cast downe to hell.

Loe here the verie Image of perfection,  
With the blacke pensell of dishonour is blotted,  
And with the vlcers of my youths infection,  
My innocencie is besmer'd, and spotted.  
Now comes my night, O now my day is donne  
These sable cloudes eclipse my rising sunne.

Our innocence, our child-dred puritie  
Is now defilde and as our dreames for got,  
Drawne in the coach of our securitie.  
What act so vile, that we attempted not;  
Our sun-bright verues fountaine-cleer beginning,  
Is now polluted by the filth of sinning.

O wit to o wilfull, first by heauen ordain'd,  
An Antidote by vertue made to cherish,  
By filthy vice, as with a mole art stayn'd,  
A poyson now by which the senses parish,  
That made of force, all vices to controule,  
Defames the life, and doth confound the soule.

The



*Peirs Ganeſton.*

The Heauen to ſee my fall doth knit her browes,  
The vally ground vnder my burthen groneth,  
Vnto mine eyes, the ayre no light allowes,  
The very wind my wickednes demoneth:  
The barren earth repineth at my foode,  
And Nature ſeemes to curſe her beaſtly broode

And thus like ſlaues we ſell our ſoules to ſinne,  
Vertue forgot by worlides deceitfull truſt,  
Alone by pleaſure are we entred in,  
Now wandring in the labyrnth of luſt,  
For when the ſoule is drowned once in vice,  
The ſweete of ſinne, makes heell a baradie.

O Pleaſure thou, the very lure of ſinne,  
The root of woe, or youths deceitfull guide,  
A ſhop where all conſected poyſons been,  
The bayte of luſt, the instrument of pride,  
Inchanting *Circes*, ſmoothing couer-guile,  
Alowring *Siren*, flattering *Crocodile*,

Our *Ioue* which ſawe his *Phæbus* youth betrayde.  
And *Phaton* guide the ſunne-carre in the Skies,  
Knewe well the courſe with danger hardly ſtaide,  
For what is not pereceu'd by wiſe-mens eyes;  
He knew theſe pleaſures poſts of our deſire,  
Might by miſguiding ſet his throne on fier.

This



*Peirs Ganeſton.*

This was a corſiue to king *Edwards* dayes,  
Theſe iarring diſcords quite vntun'd his mirth,  
This was the paine which neuer gaue him eaſe,  
If euer hell, this was his hell on earth.

This was the burthen which he groined vnder,  
This pincht his ſoule, and rent his hart in ſunder.

This venom ſuckt the marrow from his bones,  
This was the canker which conſum'd his yeares,  
This fearfull viſion, ſild his ſleepe with groines,  
This winter ſnow'd downe froſt vpon his hayres:  
This was the moth, his was the fretting ruſt,  
which ſo conſum'd his glorie vnto duſt,

The humor found, which fed this ſoule diſeaſe  
Muſt needes be ſtay'd ere help cou'd be deuys'd,  
The vaine muſt breath the burning to appeaſe,  
Hardly a cure the would not cauterys'd:  
That member now where in the botch was riſen  
Infecteth all not cured by incision.

The cauſe coniectur'd by this prodigie,  
From whence this ſoule contagious ſicknes grue,  
Wiſdome alone muſt giue a remedie,  
Or to preuent the danger to inſue:  
The cauſe muſt end, ere the effect could ceaſe  
Elſe might the danger dayly more increaſe.

Na<sup>th</sup>

*Peirs Ganeſton.*

Now they whoſe eyes to death enui'd my glorie,  
VVhoſe ſaſtie ſtill vpon my down-fall ſtood,  
Theſe, theſe, could comment on my youthfull ſtorie,  
theſe were the wolues which thirſted for my blood:  
Theſe all vnlade their miſcheiſes at this baye,  
And make the breath to enter my decaye.

Theſe cūres which liu'd by carrion of the court,  
Theſe wide mouth'd helhounds long time kept at bay  
Finding the king to credit their reporte;  
Like greedie rauens follow for their pray:  
Diſpitfull *Langton* fauorit to the king,  
This was the ſerpent ſtroke me with his ſtinge .

Such as be held this lightning from a boue,  
My Princely *Ioue* from out the ayre to thunder:  
This earth-quake which did my foundation moue,  
This boyſtrous ſtorme, this vnexpected wonder  
They thought my ſunne had bin eclipsed quite,  
And all my day now turn'd to winters night.

My youth empow'd by their curious eyes,  
VVhoſe true reports my life anatomis'd:  
VVho ſtill purſud me like deceitfull ſpies,  
To croſſe that which I wantonly deuif'd,  
Perceiue the traine me to the trap had led,  
And downe they come like haylſtones on my head,

*Peirs Ganeſton.*

My ſunne eclips'd, ech ſtarre be comes a ſunne,  
When *Phœbus* fayles, then *Cynthia* ſhineth bright,  
Theſe furniſh vp the Stage, my acte is done  
Which were but Gloc-wormes to my glorious light,  
They erſt condemn'd by my perfections doome,  
In *Phœbus* chariot, now poſſeſſe my roome.

The Commons ſwore, I led the prince to vice,  
The Noble men ſaid I abus'd the King,  
Graue Matrons ſuch as luſt could not intice,  
Like women whiſpred of another thing:  
Such as could not aſpire vnto my place,  
Theſe were ſuborn'd to offer me digrace.

The ſtaffe thus broke, where on my youth did ſtay,  
And like the ſhaddowe all my pleaſures gone:  
Now with Windes my ioyes fleete hence awaye,  
The ſilent night makes muſik to my moane,  
The tatling ecchoes whiſpring with the ayre  
Vnto my wordes ſound nothing but deſpayre.

The frowning Heauens are all in ſables clad,  
The Planet of my liues miſfortune raineth:  
No muſick ſerues a dying ſoule to glad,  
My wrong to Tirants for redreſſe complaineth:  
To eaſe my paine there is no remedie,  
So farre deſpayre exceeds extremitie.

Why



Why doe I quake my down-fall to reporte?  
Tell on my ghost, the storie of my woe,  
The King commaunds, I must depart the court,  
I aske no question, he will haue it so:  
The Lyons roring, lesser beastes doe feare,  
The greatest flye, when he approcheth neare.

My prince is now appointed to his garde,  
As from a traytor he is kept from me,  
My banishment alredy is preparte,  
Away I must, there is no remedie:  
On paine of death I may no longer stay,  
Such is reuenge which brooketh no delay.

The skies with cloudes are all inuelloped,  
The pitchie fogs eclipse my cherefull Sunne,  
The geatic night hath all her curtaines spred  
And all the ayre with vapours ouerrun:  
Wanting those rayes whose cleernes lent me light  
My sun-shine day is turn'd to black-fac'd night.

Like to the birde of *Ledaes* lemmans die,  
Beating his brest against the siluer streame,  
The fatall prophet of his destinie,  
With mourning chants, his death approching theame  
So now I sing the dirges of my fall  
The Anthemes of my fatall funerall.



*Peirs Galloway.*

O as the faithfull Turtle for her make  
Whose youth enioyd her deare virginie,  
Sits shrouded in some melancholic brake  
Chirping forth accents of her miserie,  
Thus halfe distracted sitting all alone,  
With speaking sighs to vtter forth my mone.

My bewtie s' dayning to behold the light  
Now weather-beaten with a thousand stormes,  
My daintie lims must trauaile day and night,  
Which oft were lulde in princely *Edwards* arms,  
Those eyes where bewtie fate in all her pride,  
With fearefull objects filld on euery side.

The prince so much astonisht with the blowe,  
So that it seem'd as yet he felt no paine,  
Vntill at length awakned by his woe,  
He sawe the wound by which his ioyes were slaine,  
His cares fresh bleeding fainting more and more,  
No Cataplasma now to cure the sore.

Now weepe mine eyes, and lend me teares at will,  
You sad-musde sisters help me to indite,  
And in your faire *Castalia* bathe my quill,  
In bloodie lines whilst I his woes recite,  
Inspire my muse O Heauens now from aboue,  
To painte the passions of a princely loue.

*Peirs Gaueston:*

His eyes about their rouling Globes doe cast,  
To finde that Sunne, from whom they had their light,  
His thoughtes doe labor for that sweete repast,  
Which past the daye, and pleas'd him all the night:  
He countes the howers, so slosly how they runne,  
Reproues the daye, and blames the loytring sunne.

As gorgious *Phæbus* in his first vprise  
Discouering now his Scarlet-coloured head,  
By troublous motions of the lowring Skies  
His glorious beames with fogges are ouerspred,  
So are his cheereful browes eclips'd with sorrowe,  
Which cloud the shin of his youths-smiling morrow.

Now showring downe a flud of brackish teares,  
The Epithemas to his hart-swolne griefe,  
Then sighing out a vollue of despayres,  
Which onely is th' afflicted mans reliefe:  
Now wanting sighes, & all his teares were spent,  
His tongue brake out into this sad lament.

O breake my hart quoth he, O breake and dye,  
Whose infant thoughts were nurst with sweet delight  
But now the Inne of care and miserie,  
Whose pleasing hope is murdered by despight:  
O end my dayes, for now my ioyes are done,  
Wanting my *Peirs*, my sweetest *Gaueston*.

Farewe

Farewell my Loue, companion of my youth,  
 My soules delight, the subiect of my mirth,  
 My second selfe if I reporte the truth,  
 The rare and onely *Phenix* of the earth,  
 Fare well sweet frend, with thee my ioyes are gone,  
 Farewell my *Peirs*, my louely *Ganeston*.

What are the rest but painted Imagrie,  
 Dombe Idols made to fill vp idle roomes,  
 But gaudie anticks, sportes of foolerie,  
 But fleshly coffins, goodly gilded tombes,  
 But puppets which with others words replie,  
 Like prating ecchoes soothing euery ly?

O damned world, I scorne thee and thy worth,  
 The very source of all iniquitie:  
 An ougly damme that brings such monsters forth,  
 The maze of death, nurse of impietie,  
 A filthie sinke, where lothsomnes doth dwell,  
 A labyrinth, a iayle, a very hell.

Deceitfull *Siren* traitor to my youth,  
 Bane to my blisse, false theefe that stealst my ioyes:  
 Mother of lyes, sworne enimie to truth,  
 The ship of fooles fraught all with gaudes and toyes,  
 A vessel stuf with foule hypocrisie,  
 The very temple of Idolatrie,



O earth-pale Saturne most malevolent  
 Combustions plainer, tyrant in thy raigne,  
 The sworde of wrath, the roote of discontent,  
 In whose ascendant all my ioyes are slaine:  
 Thou executioner of foule bloodie rage,  
 To act the will of lame decrepit age.

My life is but a very mappe of woes,  
 My ioyes the frute of an vntimely birth,  
 My youth in labor with vnkindly throwes,  
 My pleasures are like plagues that raigne on earth,  
 All my delights like streames that swiftly run,  
 Or like the dewe exhaled by the Sun.

O Heauens why are you deafe vnto my mone?  
 S'dayne you my prayers: or scorne to heare my mone?  
 Cease you to moue, or is your pitie gone;  
 Or is it you which rob me of my blisse?  
 What are you blinde, or winke and will not see?  
 Or doe you sporte at my calamitie?

O happie climat what so ere thou be  
 Cheerd with those sunnes the fair'st that euer shone,  
 Which hast those Stars which guide my destinie,  
 The brightest lamps in all the Horizon,  
 O happie eyes that see which most I lacke,  
 The pride and bewtie of the zodiacke.



*Peirs Gausston,*

● blessed fountaine source of all delight,  
O sacred sparke that kindlest Vertues fier  
The perfect of object of the purest sight,  
The superficies of true loues desire,  
The very touchstone of all swete conceits,  
On whom all graces euer more awaite.

Thus whilst his youth in all these stormes was tost,  
And whilst his ioyes lay speechles in a traunce,  
His sweete content with such vnkindnes crost,  
And lowring Fortune sem'd to looke askance:  
Too weake to swim against the streamfull time,  
Fore-told their fall which now sought most to clime

*Camelion*-like, the world thus turns her hue,  
And like to *Proteus* puts on sundry shapes,  
One hastes to clime, another doth ensue,  
One fals, another for promotion gapes:  
Flockmell they swarme like flies about the brim,  
Some drowne whilst others with great danger swim

And some on whom the Sunne shone passing fayre,  
Yet of their summer nothing seeme to vaunte,  
They sawe their fall presaged by the ayre,  
If once this planet were predominant,  
Thus in their gate they flew with winges of feare  
And still with care doe purchase honor deere.

Thus

*Piers Galloway on.*

This restless Time that neuer turnes againe,  
Whose winged feete-are sliding with the sunne,  
Brings Fortune in to act another scene  
By whome the plot alreadie is begunne,  
The argument of this black tragedie,  
Is vertues fall to raise vp infamie.

The brute is blowne, the King doth now pretend.  
A long-look'd voyage to the Holy-land,  
For which his subiects mightie sums doe lend,  
And whilst the thing is hotly thus in hand,  
Blinde Fortunne turnes about her fickle wheele,  
And breaks the prop which makes the building reele.

I feare to speake, yet speake I must perforce,  
My wordes be turn'd to teares euen as I write,  
Mine eyes doe yet behold his dying corse,  
And on his hearse me thinks I still indyte:  
My paper is hard sable *Ebon* wood,  
My pen of Iron, and my inke is blood.

Loe here, the time drue on of *Edwards* death,  
Loe here, the dolefull period of his yeares,  
O now he yeeldeth vp that sacred breath, (ars,  
For whom the Heauens do shower down flouds of te-  
For whom the sunne, euen mourning hides his face,  
For whom the earth was all too vile and base.

May

*Piers Gaueston.*

May I reporte his dolefull obsequie,  
When as my Ghost doth tremble at his name,  
Faine would I write, but as I write I die,  
My ioyntes apald with feare, my hand is lame,  
I leaue it to some sacred muse to tell,  
Vpon whose life a Poets pen might dwell.

No sooner was his body wrapt in lead  
And that his mournfull funerals were done,  
But that the Crowne was set on *Edwards* head,  
Sing I-o now my ghost, the storm is gone:  
The winde blowes right, loe yonder breaks my day,  
Caroll my muse, and now sing care away.

*Cornwall* now cals home with in a while  
Whom worthie *Long-shankes* hated to the death,  
Whom *Edward* swore should dye in his exile,  
He was as deere to *Edward* as his breath,  
This *Edward* lou'd that *Edward* loued not,  
Kings wils performd: and dead mans words forgot.

Now waft me wind vnto the blessed ile,  
Rock me my ioyes, loue sing me with delight,  
Now sleepe my thoughts, cease sorrowe for a while,  
Now end my care, come day, farwell my night,  
Sweet fences now aft euery one his part,  
Loe here the balme that hath recur'd my hart.

Loe



*Pairs Ganeston:*

Loe now my *Ioue* in his ascendant is  
In the æstiuall solstice of his glorie,  
Now all the Stars prognosticate my blis,  
And in the Heauen all eyes may read my storie,  
My comet now worlds wonder thus appeers  
Foretelling troubles of ensuing year s.

Now am I mounted with fames golden wings,  
And in the Tropick of my fortunes hight,  
My flood maintained with a thousand springs,  
Now on my back sup porting *Atlas* weight.  
All tongs and pen: attending on my prayes;  
Surnamed now, the wonder of our dayes.

Who euer sawe the kindest romaine dame  
With extreme ioye yeeld vp her latest breath,  
When from the warres her sonne triumphing came  
And stately *Rome* had mourned for his death.  
Her passion here might haue exprest a right,  
When once I came into the princes fight.

Who euer had his Ladie in his armes,  
Which hath of loue but felt the miserie,  
Touching the fire that all his senses warmes,  
Now clips with ioy her blushing Iuorie.  
Feeling his soule in such delights to melte  
Their's none but he can tell the ioye, we felt.



*Peter's Gamelton.*

Like as when *Phæbus* dareth forth his rayes,  
Gliding along the swelling *Ocean* streames,  
Now whilst one billow e with another playes  
Reflecteth back his bright translucent beames:  
Such was the conflict then betwixt our eyes  
Sending forth lookes as teares doe fall and rise.

It seem'd the ayre deuise to please my sight,  
The whistling winde makes musick to my tale,  
All thing on earth now fea st me with delight,  
The world to me sets all her wealth to sale.  
Who now rules all in court but I alone,  
Who highly grac'd but onely *Gamelton*?

Now like to *Mydas* all I touch is gould,  
The cloudes doe shower downe gould into my lap,  
If I but winke, the mightiest are controulde,  
Plac'd on the tur-ret of my highest hap:  
My cofers now, euen like to *Oceans* are,  
To whom all floods by course doe still repayre.

With bountie now he frankly scales his loue,  
And to my hands yeelds vp the Ile of *Man*.  
By such a gifte his kingly minde to proue.  
This was the earnest where with he began:  
Then sailing forth *Queene Eluors* stately dower,  
With many a towne, and many a goodly tower,

And

And all those sums his father had prepar'd  
By way of taxes for the holy land,  
He gaue me francklie as my due rewarde,  
In bountie thus it seemd he pleas'd his hand,  
Which made the worlde to wonder euery houre,  
To see me drowned in this golden showre.

Determin'd now to hoice my sayle amaine,  
The Earle of *Lincolne* he created me,  
Of *England* then the Lord high Chamberlaine,  
Chiefe Secretarie to his Maiestie:  
What I deuisd, his treasure euer wrought,  
His bountie still so answered to my thought.

Yet more to spice my ioyes with sweete delight,  
Bound by his loue aprentice to my pleasure,  
Whose eyes still leucl'd how to please my sight,  
Whose kindnes euer so exceeded measure,  
Deuis'd to quench my thirst with such a drinke  
As from my quill drops *Nectar* to my inke.

O sacred Bountie mother of content,  
Prop of renowne, the nourisher of arts,  
The Crowne of hope, the roote of good euent,  
The trumpe of Fame, the ioye of noble harts,  
Grace of the Heauens, diuinitie in nature,  
Whose excellencie doth so adorne the creature.

He

*Piers Ganeſton.*

He giues his Neece in marriage vnto me,  
Of Royall blood, for bewtie paſt compare,  
Borne of his ſiſter was this *Bellamie*,  
Daughter to *Gillbart* thrice renowned *Claire*,  
Chiefe of his houſe the Earle of *Gloceſter*,  
For princely worth that neuer had his peere.

Like Heauen-d.'d *Andromeda* the fayre,  
In hir imbrodered mantaile richly dight,  
With Starrie traine inthronis'd in the ayre,  
Adorns the *vvelken* with hir glittering light,  
Such one ſhe was, who in my boſom reſted, (ſted  
With whoſe ſweete loue, my youthful years were fea-

As when fayre *ver* dight in her flowrie rayle,  
In her new-coloured lueries decks the earth,  
And glorious *Tytus* ſpreads his ſun-thin vaile,  
To bring to paſſe her tender infants birth:  
Such was her bewtie which I then poſſeſt,  
With whoſe imbracings all my youth was bleſt.

Whoſe pureſt thoughts and ſpotes chaſte deſire,  
To my affections ſtill ſo pleaſing were,  
Neuer yet toucht with ſparks of *venuſier*,  
As but her breſt I thought no Heauen but there,  
To none more like then fayre *Ida* ſhe,  
The very image of all chaſtitie.



*Piers Gaucisson.*

O chastitie, thou guifte of blessed soul's,  
Comfort in death, acrowne vnto the life,  
Which all the passions of the minde controul's  
Adornes the mayde, and bewtifies the wife:  
That grace, the which nor death, nor time attaints  
Of earthy creatures making heauenly Saints.

O Vertue which no muse can poetize  
Fayre Queene of *England* which with thee doth rest,  
Which thy pure thoughts doe only exercize,  
And is impressed in thy royall brest,  
Which in thy life disciphred is alone,  
Whose name shall want a fit Epitheton.

The Heauens now seem to frolicke at my feast,  
The Stars as hand maids, seruing my desires,  
Now loue full fed with bewtie take his rest,  
To whom content, for fastie thus retiers:  
The ground was good, my footing passing sure,  
My daies delightfome, and my life secure.

Loe thus ambition crepes into my breast,  
Pleating my thoughts with this emperious humor,  
And with this diuicil deing once posselt,  
Mine cares are filld with such a buzzing rumor,  
As only pride my glorie doth awaite, |  
My senses sooth'd with euerie selfe-conceite,

*Selic*



*Piers Gaveston.*

nt  
Selfe-loue prides thirst, vnsatisfied desier,  
A flood that neuer yet had any boundes,  
Times pestilence, thou state consuming fier,  
A mischief which all common weales confoundes,  
O plague of plagues, how many kingdoms rue thee,  
Happie those Empiers which yet neuer knew thee.

And now reuenge which had been smothered long,  
Like piercing lightning flasheth from mine eyes,  
This word could sound so sweetly on my tongue,  
And with my thoughts such Stratagem's deuise,  
Tickling mine eares with many a pleasing storie,  
Which promise wonders and a world of glorie.

For now began the bloodie-rayning broyles  
Betweene the barons of the land and me,  
Laboring the state with innumerable toyles  
Twixt my ambition and their tyrannie,  
Such was the storme this deluge first begun,  
VVith which this Ile was after ouer run.

elic  
O cruell discord fonde of deadly hate,  
O mortall course to a common weale,  
Death-lingring consumption to a state,  
A poysoned sore that neuer salve could heale:  
O foule contagion deadly killing feuer,  
Infecting oft, but to be cured neuer.

*Peirs Galloway.*

By courage now imboldned in my sinne,  
Finding my King so suerly lin kt to me,  
By circumstance I finely bring him in  
To be an actor in this tragedie,  
Perswading him the Barons sought his blood,  
And on what tearmes these earth-bred giants stood.

And so aduancing to my princes Grace  
The baser sorte of factious qualitie,  
As being raised vnto such a place  
Might counterpoise the proude Nobilitie,  
And as my agents on my part might stand,  
Still to support what ere I tooke in hand.

Suborning Iesters still to make me mirth,  
Vile Sycophants at euery word to sooth me,  
Time-fawning Spaniels, Mermaydes on the earth,  
Trencherfed fools with flattering words to smooth me  
Base parasites, these elbowe-rubbing mates,  
A plague to all lasciuious wanton states,

O filthie monkies vile and beastly kinde,  
Foule pratling parats birds of *Harpie* broode,  
A coraue to euery noble minde,  
Vipers that suck your mothers dearest blood,  
Mishapen monster, worst of any creature,  
A foe to art, an enemy to nature.

The

*Peirs Ganeſton.*

His preſence grac't what ere I went about,  
Beſt pleaſd with that which moſt contented,  
What ere I did his powre ſtill bare mee out,  
And where I was, there euer-more was hee:  
By byrth my Soueraigne, but by loue my thrall,  
King *Edwards* Idoll all men did mee call.

Oft would he ſette his crowne vpon my head,  
And in his chayre ſit downe vpon my knee,  
And when his eyes with loue were fully fed,  
A thouſand times he ſweetly kiſſed mee:  
When did I laugh? and he not ſeene to ſmile;  
If I but frownd, he ſilent all the while.

But Fortune now vnto my ouer-throwe,  
Intic't me on with her alluring call,  
And ſtill deuiling how to worke my woe,  
One bayt tan'e vp, ſhe let an other fall,  
Thus Syren-like, ſhe brings me to the bay  
Where long before ſhe plotted my decay.

For now the King to Fraunce doth him prepare,  
For marriage with the Princeſſe *Iſabel*,  
Daughter to *Phillip* then ſurnam'd the faire,  
Who like to him in beauty did excell?  
Of Tilts and triumphs euery man report;  
And the vniting of theſe famous Courts.

D.

And

The



*Piers Gaueston.*

To raise me now to honors hiest stayre,  
He Makes me Lord-protector of the Land,  
And placing me in his imperiall chaire,  
Yceldes vp his Septer wholly to my hand.  
Deuising still how he to p<sup>er</sup>se might bring,  
That if he died, I might succeed as King.

His treasure now stood absolute to mee,  
I drinck my pleasures in a golden cup,  
I spend a world, I had abundantly,  
As though the earth had throwne her bowels vp.  
My reckonings cast, my summes were soone enrolled  
I was by no man once to be controled.

Now being got as high as I could clyme,  
And Fortune made my foote-cloth as I gest,  
I paynt me braue with *Tagus* golden slyme,  
„ Because I would enioy what I possesse.  
„ Alluding still, that he is mad and worse,  
„ which playes the nyggard with a Princes purse.

And now the King returning with his trayne,  
I summond all the chiefe Nobilitie,  
And in my pompe, went foorth to entertayne  
The Peers of Fraunce in all thys ioylitie.

Where, in my carriage were such honors placed,  
As with my presence, all the shewes were graced.

Guard



*Peirs Ganefton.*

Guarded with troupes of Gallants as I went,  
The people crouching still with cap and knee,  
My port and personage so magnificent,  
That (as a God) the Commons honored mee.  
And in my pryde, loe thus I could deuise,  
To seeme a wonder vnto all mens eyes.

In richest Purple rode I all alone,  
With Diamonds imbrodered and bedight,  
Which lyke the stars in *Gallixia* shone,  
Whose luster still reflecting with the light,  
Presented heauen to all that euer gazed:  
Of force to make a world of eyes amazed.

Vpon a stately Iennet forth I rode,  
Caparisond with Pearle-enchased plumes,  
Trotting as though the Measures he had trode,  
Breathing Arabian Ciuit-sweet perfumes;  
Whose rarenes seemd to cast men in a traunce,  
Praised of England, but admir'd of Fraunce.

Like trident-maced *Neptune* in his pride,  
Mounted vpon a Dolphin in a storme,  
Vpon the tossing bil lowes forth doth ride,  
About whose trayne a thousand *Trytons* swarme  
When *Phæbus* seemes to set the waues on fire,  
To shew his glory and the gods desire.

*Peirs Gaveston.*

Or like vnto the fiery-faced Sunne  
Vpon his wagon prauncing in the west,  
Whose blushing cheeks with flames seeme ouer runne  
Whilst sweating thus he gallops to the rest."

Such was the glory wherein now I stood,  
Which makes the Barrons sweat their deereft blood.

Thus when these gallant companies were met,  
The King heer present with his louely Queene,  
The Noble men in order comly set,  
To heare and see what could be hard or scene:  
Loe heer that kindnes easly is descride,  
That faithfull loue which he nor I could hide.

Euen like as *Cactor* when a calme begins,  
Beholding thou his starry-tressed brother,  
With mirth and glee these Swan-begoten twins  
Presaging ioy, the one embrace the other :  
Thus one the other in our armes wee fold,  
Our brests for ioy our harts could scarcely hold.

Or like the Nimphe be holding in a Well,  
Her deereft loue & wanting words to wooc him,  
About his necke with clipped armes the fell,  
Where by her faith the gods conioynd her to him.  
Such was the loue which now by signes we breake,  
When ioy had tied our tongues, we could not speak  
Th

*Peirs Gaueston*

Thus arme in arme towards London on we rid,  
And like two Lambs we sport in euery place,  
VWhere neither ioy nor loue could well be hid  
That might be seal'd with any sweeter embrace:  
So that his Queene, might by our kindnes proue,  
Though shee his VVife, yet I alone his loue.

The Barons now ambitious at my raigne,  
As one which stode berwixt them and the Sunne,  
They vnderhand pursue me with disd aine,  
Playing the game which I before had wonne:  
And malice now so hard the bellows blew,  
That through myne cares the sparks of fier flew.

Where in reuenge, the tryumphes they deuised  
To entertaine the King with wondrous cost,  
Where by my malice suddainly surpris'd,  
The charge, their summons, and th eir honours lost:  
Which in their thoughts reuenge so deeply rayfed,  
As with my blood they vow'd should be appeased.

As when within the soft and spungie soyle,  
The wind doth peirce the intrals of the earth,  
Where hurly burly with a restlessle coile  
Shakes all the center, wanting issue forth,  
Tyll with the rumor Townes & Mountains tremble  
Euen such a meteor doth their rage resemble.

D;

O:



Or when the shapeles huge *Leviathan*,  
Hath thrust himselfe vpon the sandie shore,  
Where ( Monster like ) affrighting euery man,  
He billoweth out a fearefull hydeous rore:  
Euen such a clamor through the ayre doth thunder,  
The dolefull preſage of ſome fearefull wonder.

Thus as a plague vnto the gouernment,  
A very ſcourge to the Nobilitie,  
The cauſe of all the Commons diſcontent,  
The Image of ſenſualitie,  
I was reproched openly of many,  
Hated of all, not pitied now of any.

And as a vile miſleader of the King,  
A waſtfull ſpender of his coyn and treaſure,  
A ſecret theefe of many a ſacred thing,  
A Cormorant, in whom was neuer meaſure;  
I ſeemed hatefull now in all mens eyes,  
Buzzing about me like a ſwarme of flies.

Like as a clowde, foule, darke, and vgly black,  
Threatning the earth with tempeſt euery howre,  
Now broken with a fearefull thunder-crack, (ſhowre.  
Straight poureth down his deep earth-drenching  
Thus for their wrongs now riſe they vp in armes,  
Or to reuenge, or to amend theyr harmes,

The



*Peirs Ganeſton.*

The King percciuing how the matter ſtood,  
Himſelfe, his Crowne, in this extremity,  
And ſtill the Barrons thirſtinge for my blood,  
And ſeeing now no other remedy,  
But I ſome vile vntimly death muſt die,  
Or thus, muſt be exile d preſentlie.

A thouſand thoughts he hammereth in his head,  
Thinking on this, and now againe on that;  
As one deuife is come, another fled,  
Some thing he would, and now he knowes not what,  
To helpe me now, a thouſand meanes he forgeth,  
Whilſt ſtill with ſighes his ſorrowes he diſforgeth.

And for I was his very ſoules delight,  
He thought on this the onely way at laſt,  
To Ireland to hide me out of ſight,  
Vntill theſe ſtormes were ouer-blowne and paſt.  
And in meane time, to appeaſe the Barrons hate,  
And to reduce me to my former ſtate.

As one whoſe houſe in danger to be burn'd,  
Which he hath builded with exceeding coſt,  
And all his welth to earth-paſſeſhes turn'd,  
Taking one Iewell which he loueth moſt,  
To ſome ſafe place doth with the ſame retyre,  
Leauing the reſt to the mercy of the fire,

Or

Or as a Nurse with in besieged walles,  
Dreading ech howre the Souldiors slaughtering knif  
VVithin some place as fittest there befalls,  
Hides her sweet babe in hope to saue his life,  
Loe thus the King prouideth now for mee  
The ioy and pride of his felicitie.

He wanted words t'expresse what he sustain'd,  
Nor could I speake to vtter halfe my wrong,  
To shew his griefe, or where I most was payn'd,  
The time too short, the tale was all too long:  
Taking my leaue with sighes a way I went,  
He streames of teares, vnto my far ewell sent.

And postinge lookes ambassadors of loue,  
VVith the eye could goe and soone retire,  
By whose quicke motion we alone might proue,  
Our equall loue did equall like desire:  
And that the fire in which we both did burne,  
VVas soner quencht in hope of safe returne.

Lyke to a vessell with a narrow vent,  
Which is fild vp with liquor to the top,  
Although the mouth be after downe ward bent,  
Yet is it seene not to distyl a drop.  
Euen thus our breast brim-full with pensue care,  
Strooping our tongues, with griefe wee silent are.

But

*Peirs Ganeſton.*

But when my want gaue breath vnto his moane,  
And that hys teares had now vntide his tongue,  
VWith drrery ſighes diſperſed and ouer-blowne,  
VWhich criſt (like Fountains) in abundance ſprung,  
Vnto hymſelfe hee thus complaines his griefe,  
Sith now the world could yeeld him no reliefe.

O curſed ſtars (quoth he) which guide my byrth,  
Infernall Torches, Comets of miſ-fortune,  
Or *Genius* heer which haunts mee on the earth,  
Or helliſh fiend that doeſt my woes importune  
Fate-guiding Heauens, in whoſe vnlucky mouing,  
Stands th'effect of my miſhaps approouing

ky-couering cloudes, which thus do ouer caſt,  
And at my noone-tide darken all my ſun,  
lood drying ſicknes, which my life doeſt waſt.  
When yet my glaſſe is but a quarter run:  
My ioy but a phantaſme and eluſion,  
And my delights intending my confuſion.

What Planet raignd in that vnluckie howre,  
When firſt I was inueſted in the Crowne?  
Or hath in my natiuitie ſuch powere,  
Or what vile Furie doth attend my Throne?  
Or els, what helliſh hags be theſe that haunt mee?  
Yet if a King, why ſhould miſ-fortunedaunt mee?

Am



*Peers Gaueſtor*

Am I a Prince, yet to my people ſubieſt,  
Which ſhould be lou'd? yet thus am left forlorne,  
Or daynd to rule? reſpected as an obiect,  
Liue I to ſee mine honor had in ſcorne?

    Baſe dunghill mūd, that doeſt ſuch ſlaueſry bring,  
    To liue a peſant, and be borne a King.

The pureſt ſteele doth neuer turne at lead,  
Nor Oke doth bow at euery winde that blowes,  
Nor Lyon from a Lambe doth turne his head,  
Nor Egle frighted with a flock of Crowes:

    And yet a King want courage in his breaſt,  
    Trembling for feare to ſee his woes redreſt.

It rather fits a vilaine then a ſtate,  
To haue his loue on others lykings placed,  
Or ſet his pleaſures at ſo baſe a rate,  
To ſee the ſame by euery ſlaue diſgraced;  
    A King ſhould euer priuiledge his pleaſure,  
    And make his Peers eſteeme it as their treaſure.

Then raiſe thy thoughts, & with thy thoughts thy loue  
Kings want no means t'accompliſh what the would,  
If one doe faile, yet other maiſt thou proue,  
It ſhames a King, to ſay, *If that I could.*

    Let not thy loue ſuch croſſes then ſuſtaine,  
    But rayſe him vp, and call him home againe.

Sweet

*Peirs Ganeſton,*

Sweet *Ganeſton*, whose prayſe the Angels ſing,  
Maiſt thou aſſure thee of my loue the while?  
Or what maiſt thou imagin of thy King,  
To let thee lyue in yonder brutiſh Ile?  
My dear, a ſpace this weary time prolong,  
He liues, that can and ſhal reuenge thy wrong.

Thus like a man growne lunatick with paine,  
Now in his torments caſts him on his bed,  
Then out he runnes into the fields againe,  
And on the ground doth reſt his troubled head:  
With ſuch ſharpe paſſions is the King poſſeſt,  
Which day nor night doth let him take his reſt.

As Lyon-ſkind *Alcides*, when he loſt  
His louely *Hy'as*, on hys way from Thrace,  
Followes the queſt through many an vnknowne coaſt,  
With playnts and out-cries, wearying euery place,  
Thus louely *Edward* ſils eeu place with moane,  
Wanting the ſight of his ſweet *Ganeſton*,

Thus lyke a Barge that wants both ſteere and ſayles,  
Pre'd with the wind againſt the ſtreamfull tyde,  
From place to place with euery billow waies,  
And (as it haps) from ſhore to ſhore doth ryde:  
Thus doth my caſe, thus doth my fortune ſtand,  
Betwixt the King, and Barrons of the Land.

On

*Peirs Gaveston.*

On this *Dilimma* stood my tickle state,  
Thus *Pro et contra* all men doe dispute,  
Precisely balanc't twixt my loue and hate,  
Some doe affyrme, some other doe confute:  
Vntill my King, (sweet *Edward*) now at last,  
Thus strikes the stroke which makes them all agast.

Now calling such of the Nobility,  
As he supposed on his part would stand,  
By theyr consent he makes me Deputy.  
And being seated thus in *Ireland*,  
Of gold and siluer sendeth me such store,  
As made the world to wonder more and more.

Lyke great gold'coyning *Crassus* in his health,  
Amidst his legion long mayntayning store,  
The glory of the *Romane* Common-welth,  
Feasting the rich, and gyuing to the poore.  
Such was th'aboundance which I then possesse,  
Blessed with gold, (if gold could make me blest.)

Where, (like *Lucullus*,) I maintaine a port,  
As great god *Bacchus* had been late come downe,  
And in all pompe at *Duplin* kept my Court,  
As I had had th'reuenewes of a Crowne.  
In trayne, in state, and euery other thing,  
Attended still as I had bene a King:



*Peirs Ganeſton.*

Of this my wondrous hospitality,  
The Irish yet, vntill this day doe boast,  
Such was the bounty of my King to mee,  
His Chequer then could scarce defray the cost.

gaſt.  
His gifts were great I ioyd in what he ſent,  
He freely gaue, and I as freely ſpent.

Few daies there paſt but ſome the Channell croſt,  
VVyth kindeſt Letters enterlynd with loue,  
VVheras I ſtil receiu'd by euery poſt  
His Ring, his Bracelet, Garter, or his Gloue:  
VVhich I in hoſtage of his kindnes kept,  
Of this pure loue, which liu'd and neuer ſlept.

VVith many a rich and ſtatly ornament,  
VVorne by great Kings, of hie and wondrous price,  
Or Iewell that my fancie might content,  
VVith many a robe of ſtrange and rare deuice,  
That all which ſaw and knew this wondrous waſt,  
Perciud his treaſure long time could not laſt.

And thus whilſt Fortune frindly caſt my Dice,  
And tooke my hazard, and threw at the maine,  
I ſaw it was but folly to be nice,  
That chanceth once which ſeldome haps againe.  
I knew ſuch bountie had been ſeldom ſeen,  
And ſince his time, I thinke hath neuer been.

Of

And

*Peirs Ganeſton:*

And now the Barrons which repynd before,  
Because I was too lauiſh of the treaſure,  
And ſaw my waſte conſuming ten times more,  
VVhich doth ſo far exceed all bonds of meaſure,  
This (as a knife theyr very hart-ſtrings cuts,  
And gnawes them like the Colick in the guts.

Thus (all in vaine) they ſeek to ſtop the ſource,  
For preſently it ouer-flowes the bounds'  
Yet will perceiue, if thus it held his courſe,  
No queſtion then, the Common wealth it drowns ;  
And thus lyke men which tread an endleſſe Maze,  
Whiſt Fortune ſports, the world ſtands at a gaze.

Like Souldiers in a Towne ſurpriz'd by night,  
O-uer their heads the houſes ſet on fire,  
Sure to be ſlayne in iſſuing out to fight,  
Or els be burned if they doe retyre :  
Some curſe the time, ſome other blame their fortune  
Whiſt black diſpair their deaths doth ſtil importune

This gracious King, (which ſeemd to ſleep the while,  
Finding the yron thus fully had his heat,  
With ſweet perſwaſions ſitly frames his ſtile :  
Which in theyr wits doth ſuch a temper beate,  
With kindeſt lookes, and ſweeteſt vowes of loue,  
As were of force a Rock of flint to moue.

*Peirs Ganesstons*

His clowdy frownes be turnd to sun-shine smiles,  
And those on whom he lowerd, he frindly graces;  
Theyr moody cheer, with sporting he beguiles,  
His Lyons lookes, be turnd to sweet imbraces,  
That with his will, theyr thoughts seeme to accord,  
Such is the loue of subiects to their Lord.

And hauing found his kindnes tooke effect,  
This agent fayles not to preferre his sute,  
Nor day, nor night, once doth the same neglect,  
Vntill his trauell yeelds desired frute:  
And that the Barrons all with might and maine,  
Now condescend to call me home againe.

O frayle and flyding state of earthly things,  
Blind Fortune, chance, worlds mutability,  
Aduancing pefants, and debasing Kings,  
Od hap, good luck, or star-bred destinie.  
VWhich stil doest fawne, and flatter me so oft,  
Now casts me downe, then sett it me vp aloft.

In all post-hast, the King to Ireland sent  
His Princely Letters, for my safe returne,  
To England now I must in continent,  
It seemes that time all malice hath out-worne.  
The Coast is cleer, occasion calls away,  
The gale stands right, and drives me from the Bay.

My



My whistling sayles make musick with the wind,  
The boystrous waues doe homage to mine eyes,  
The brutish sort of *Eols* Imps seeme kind,  
And all the clowdes abandoning the skyes  
Now louely *Ledts* egg-borne twins appere:  
Towards *Albyons* cliues faire Fortune guids my steer

The King is come to Chester, where he lyes,  
The Court prepared to receiue me there  
In all the pompe that wit could well deuise:  
As since that time was seldome seene elsewhere.  
Where setting once my dainty foote on land,  
He thought him blest which might put kisse my hand

In pleasures there we spend the nights and dayes,  
And with our reuels entertaine the time,  
VVith costly Banquets, Masks, and stately Playes,  
Painting our loues in many a pleasing rime.  
VVith rarest Musick, and sweet-tuned voyces,  
( In which the soule of man so much reioyces. )

Like as the famous braue *Egyptian* Queene,  
Feasted the Romane great *Mark Anthony*,  
With Pearl-dissolu'd caruses, seldom seene,  
Seru'd all in vessell of rich Iuory:

Such was the sumptuous banquets he prepar'd,  
In which no cost or curious thing was spard.

*Piers Ganeſton:*

Or like the Troyan *Priam*, when a s he  
Beheld his long-loſt ſonne returne to *Troy*,  
Tryumphing now in all his iolitic,  
Proud *Ilion* ſmokes with th'orges of his ioy,  
Such are our feaſts and ſtately tryumphs heet,  
Which with applauſes, ſound in euery eare.

Departing thence from *Cheſters* pleaſant ſide,  
Towards *London* now we trauel with delight,  
Where euery Citty likewise doth prouide  
To entertaine vs, with ſome pleaſing ſight:  
Tyl all our trayne at length to *London* comes,  
Where naught is hard, but trumpets, bels & drums

As when *Paulus Aemilius* entred Roome,  
And like great *Ioue*, in ſtarlike tryumph came,  
Honored in Purple by the Senats doome,  
Laden with gold, and crowned with his fame.  
Such ſeems our glory now in all mens eyes,  
Our frienſhip honored with applaudities.

Or when old *Phillips* time ſtill-wondred ſon,  
In his worlds conqueſt ſurfetting with ſpoyleſ,  
The ſcourge of Kings, returns to Babilon,  
To ſport and banquet after all his toiles  
Such is our glory in our London Court,  
Whereto all Nations daily make reſort.

E.

And

And thus blind Fortune lulls me in her lap,  
And rocks mee ſtill, with many a Syrens ſong,  
Thus plac'd mee on the *Atlas* of my hap,  
From which ſhe means to caſt me downe ere long  
Black vgly fend, O foule miſhapen cuill,  
In ſhe w an Angel, but in deed a diucl.

Euen as a Lyon got into his pawes  
The ſilly Lambe, ſeems yet a while to play,  
Tyll ſeeking to eſcape out of his iawes,  
This beaſtiy King now tears it for his pray.  
Thus hauing got mee in her armes ſo faſt,  
Determins now feed on mee at laſt.

Or as the ſlaughter-man doth fat the beaſt,  
Which afterward he meane th ſhall be ſlayne,  
Before prouided to ſome ſolemne feaſt,  
The more therby he may increaſe his gaine,  
Loe, thus proud Fortune feeds me for the knife,  
For which ( it ſeems ) ſhe had prepard my life.

For thus ere long, between the King and mee,  
As erſt before, our reuels now begin,  
And now the Barons taſte theyr miſery,  
Opening theyr eyes, which makes them ſee theyr ſin,  
The plague once paſt, they neuer felt the ſores,  
Till thus againe it haps with in theyr dores.

Like



*Peirs Ganeſton.*

Like as a man made drunk with foule exces,  
Drowning his ſoule in thys vile lothly vice,  
Once being ſober, ſees his beaſtlinen,  
Baying repentance with ſo deer a price?  
Thus they perciue the bondage they poſſeſſ  
In condiſcending to the Kings requeſt.

The damned Furies heer vnbonng the ſource,  
From whence the *Lethe* of my vertues burſt,  
The black-borne Fates heere labour in that courſe,  
By which my lyfe and fortune came accuſt.  
My death in that ſtar-guiders doome conceiled,  
Now in the browes of heauen may be reuailed.

My youth ſpurs on my fraile vntam'd deſire,  
Celding the raynes to my laſciuious will,  
pon the liſe I take my ful careyre,  
The place too ſlipperry, and my manadge ill  
Thus like a Colt, in danger to be caſt,  
Yet ſtill runn on, the diuel driues ſo faſt.

Now wandring in a Labureth of error,  
loſt in my pride, no hope of my returne,  
If ſin and ſhame my liſe a perfect mirror,  
So ſparke of vertue once is ſeene to burne.  
Nothing there was could be diſcernd in me,  
But beaſtly luſt, and ſenſualitie.

*Piers Gaueston.*

Black *Hecate* chaunts on her night-spell charmes,  
Which cast me first into this deadly sleep,  
Whilst fier-eyd *Ate* clips me in his armes,  
And hales me downe to soe *Herebus* deeps  
Foule sleep-god *Morpheus*, curtains vp the light  
And shuts my fame in euerlasting night.

The fixed starres in their repugnacie,  
Had full concluded of these endles iarres,  
And nature by some strange Antipathy  
Had in our humors bred continuall warres,  
Or the star-ceeled heauens by fatall doome,  
Ordaind my troubles in my Mothers wombe.

Som hellish hagge in thys inchaunted cup,  
Out of the Tun of pryde this poyson drew,  
And those hore cinders which were raked vp,  
Into the nostrils of the Nobles blew.  
Who now caroused to my funerall.  
And (with a vengeance) I must pledge them all.

And now brake out that execrable rage,  
Which long before had boyled in theyr blood,  
Which neither tyme nor reason could assuage:  
But like to men growne lunatick and wood,  
My name and fame, they seeke to scandalize,  
And roote the same from all posterities.

*Peirs Ganeſton,*

They all affyrme, my Mother was a VVitch,  
A filthy hagg, and burnt for ſorcery:  
And I her ſon, and fitting with her pitch,  
She had bequeath'd her damned Art to mee.  
This rumor in the peoples cares they ring,  
That (for my purpoſe) I bewicht the King.

They ſay, that I conuayd beyond the Sea,  
The Table and the treſſels of pureſt gold,  
King *Arthurs* reliques, kept full many a day,  
The which to *VVindſor* did belong of old.  
In whoſe faire margent (as they did ſurmize,)  
*Marlen* ingraued many prophecies.

Some ſlaunderous tongues, in ſpightful manner ſayd,  
That heer I liu'd in filthy ſodomy,  
And that I was King *Edwards Gane med*,  
And to this ſinne he was intic'd by mee.  
And more, (to wreck their ſpightfull deadly teene,)  
Report the ſame to *Iſabel* the Queene.

A Catalogue of tatles they begun  
With which I had the Noble men abus'd  
Which they auouch't I neuer durſt haue done,  
If by the King I had not been excus'd.  
And ſwore, that he maintaind againſt the ſtate,  
A monſter, which both God and man did hate.

They



*Peirs Ganeſton.*

They ſwore, the King ſu. dornd my villanie,  
And that I was his inſtrument of vice,  
The means wher y he wrought his tyranny.  
Tha. to his chaunce I euer caſt the dice;  
And with moſt bitter execrations ban,  
The time in which, our frienſhip ſh. ſ. Legan.

Loe, heer drawes on my drery d. ſmall hower,  
The doleful. payed of my deſteny,  
Heer doth appioch the black and vgly ſhower,  
Hence flowes the Deluge of my miſery.  
Heer comes the clowde that ſhuts vp all my light,  
My lowring Winter, and eternall night.

The angry Barrons now aſſembled were,  
And no man leſt which on my part durſt ſtand.  
Before the popes pernicious Legate there,  
They forced me for to abiure the Land.  
Forcing the King to further their intent,  
By ſolemne oth vpon the Sacrament.

Vpon the holie Sacrament hee ſwears,  
Although ( God knowes ) ſul much againſt his will,  
So ouer-come with ſilence, ſighes, and teares,  
To make a ſword the which himſelfe ſhould kill.  
And being done, ( in doing then not long, )  
He ſemes to curſe his hand, his hart, his tongue.

Like

*Piers Ganelton.*

Like to a man which walking in the grasse;  
Vpon a Serpent suddainlie doth tread,  
Plucks backe his foote, and turnes away his face.  
His culer fading pale as he were dead:  
Thus hee the place, thus he the act doth shun,  
Loshing to see, what he before had done.

Or as man mistaking a receite,  
Some death strong poyson haply doth taste,  
And euery howre the vigor doth awaite,  
A palld with feare, now standeth all against.  
Thus stands he trembling in an extasie,  
Too sick to liue, and yet too strong to die,

Hee takes his Crowne, and spurns it at his feet,  
His princely robes hee doth in peeces teare,  
Hee streight commands the Queene out of his sight,  
Hee ruggs and rents his golden-tressed haire,  
He beates his breast, and sighes out pitious groans,  
Spending the day in tears, the night in moans.

Lyke as the furious Paladine of Fraunce,  
Forfaken of *Argelica* the fayre,  
So like a Bediam in the fields doth daunce,  
With thouts and clamors, filling all the ayre,  
Tearing in peeces what so ere hee caught,  
With such a furie is the King distraught.

Or when the wofull Traunce-borne *Hecuba*,  
Saw Troy on fire, and *Pryams* fatall doome;  
Her ſonnes all ſlayne, her deer *Polixina*,  
There ſacrificed on *Achilles* Tombe,  
Euen like a Bore, her angry tusks doth whet,  
Scratching and byting all that ere ſhee met.

With fearefull viſions frighted in his bed,  
Which ſeems to hym a very thorny brake,  
With vgly ſhapes which way he turns his head:  
And when from ſleep he euer doth awake,  
He then againe with weeping mournfull cryes,  
In grieve of ſoule, complains hys miſeries.

Hee wants diſgeſtiere and refrains his reſt,  
His eyes ore-watched like eclipsed ſunnes,  
With bitter paſſions is his ſoule oppreſt,  
And through his eyes, his brayne diſolued runnes.  
And after ſilence, when with payne he ſpeakes,  
A ſuddaine ſigh his ſpeech in ſunder breakes.

Hee ſtarteth vp, and *Ganeſton* doth call,  
Then ſtands he ſtill, and lookes vpon the ground,  
Then like one in an Epileps doth fall,  
As in a Spasme, or a deadly ſound;  
Thus languishing in payne, and lingring euer,  
In the Symptoma of his pynning feuer.

Lyke



*Peirs Gaucſton.*

Lyke to a flower that droupeth in a froſt,  
Or as a man in a Conſumption pynning,  
Staynd like a Cloth that hath his culler loſt,  
Or poets-worne Lawre I when it is declynning,  
Or like a Pecock waſhed in the rayne.  
Trayling adowne his ſtarry eyed trayne.

To *Belgia* I croſſe the narrow ſeas,  
And in my breſt a very ſea of grieſe,  
Whoſe tyde-full ſurges neuer giue me eaſe,  
For heauen and earth haue ſhut vp all relieſe,  
The ayre doth threaten vengeance for my crime,  
*Clotho* drawes out the thread of all my time.

Like as that wicked Brother-killing *Caine*,  
Lying the preſence of his mighty God,  
Couriſt to die, for bidden to be ſlaine,  
Vagabond, and wandring ſtill abroad.  
In *Flanders* thus I trauell all alone,  
Still ſeeking reſt, yet euer finding none.

As the Monarch of great *Babylon*,  
Whoſe monſtrous pride the Lord d d ſo deteſt,  
Hee out-caſt him from his princely throne,  
And in the field hee wandred like a beaſt.  
Companion with the Oxe and lothly Aſſe,  
Staru'd with the cold, and feeding on the graſſe.

Thus

*Peter Gaucelton.*

Thus do I change my habite and my name,  
From place to place, I pass vnkowne of any;  
But swift report so far had spred my fame,  
I hear my life and youth contrould of many;  
The bouzing Flemings in their boistrous tongue,  
Still talking on me as I pass along.

O wretched, vile, and miserable man,  
Besotted so with worldy vanitie,  
When as thy life is but a verie span,  
Yet euerie nowre full of calamitie.  
Begot in sin, and following still the game,  
Liuing in lust, and dying oft with shame.

Now working means to haue intelligence,  
By secret letters from my Lord the King,  
How matters stood since I departed thince,  
And of the tearms and state of euery thing,  
I cast about which way I might deuise,  
(In sight of all) once more to play my prize.

And still relying on King *Edwards* loue;  
To whom before my life had been so deere,  
Whose constancie my fortune made me proue;  
And to my Brother, Earle of Gloucester,  
And to my wife, who labored tooth and naile,  
My abiuration how shee might repeale,

*Peirs Ganeſton:*

I now embrack mee in a Flemish Hoy,  
Disguised in the habite of a Muſſe,  
Attended thus with me, the man nor boy,  
But on my backe a little bagg of ſtuffe:  
Like to a Souldier that in Campe of late,  
Had been inployd in ſeruiſe with the ſtate.

And ſafely landed on thys bleſſed ſhore,  
Towards *Uindſor* thus disguis'd I tooke my way,  
Wheras I had intelligence before,  
My wife remaind and there my *Edvard* lay.  
My deereſt wife, to whom I ſent my ring,  
Who made my coming known vnto the King.

As when old youthfull *Æſon* in his glaſſ,  
Saw from his eyes the cheerefull lightning ſprung,  
When as Art-ſpell *Medea* brought to paſſe,  
By hearbs and charms, againe to make him young,  
Thus ſtood King *Edvard*, raiſht in the place,  
Fixing his eyes vpon my louely face.

Or as Muſe-meruaile *Hero* when ſhe clips,  
Her deer *Leanders* byllow-beaten limms,  
And with ſweet kiſſes ſeazeth on his lips,  
When for her ſake deep *Helleſpont* he ſwims,  
Thus we by tender -deer imbracings proue,  
Faſt *Hero* kindnes, and *Leanders*-loue.



*Peirs Ganeſton.*

Or like the twifold-twynned *Geminy*,  
In their ſtar-gilded gyrdle ſtrongly tyed,  
Chayn'd by their ſaffrond trefles in the ſky,  
Standing to guard the ſun-coche in his pride,  
Like as the Vine, his loue the Elme imbracing,  
With nimble armes, our bodies interlacing.

The Barrons hearing how I was arriued,  
And that my late adiurement naught preuayled,  
By my returne, of all their hope deprived,  
Their beclamage no longer now concealed;  
But as hote coles once puff'd with the wind  
Into a flame out breaking by their kind.

Like to a man whose foote doth hap to light,  
Into the neſt where ſtinging Hornets ly,  
Vex'd with the ſpleen, and raiſing with deſpight,  
About his head theſe winged ſpirits fly.  
Thus riſe they vp with mortall diſcontent,  
By death to end my life and baniſhment.

Or like to ſouldiers in a Towne of war,  
When Sentinell the enemy diſcryes,  
Affrighted with this vnexpected iar,  
All with the fearefull Larum-bell ariſe,  
Thus muſter they; (as Bees doe in a hyue,  
The idle Drone out of their combes to dryue.)

*Piers Gaveston*

It seemd the earth with heauen grew male content,  
No thing is hard but warres and Armors raigning,  
Now none but such at stratagemes inuent,  
The whisling phyfe the warlike trumpett,  
Each soldiour now, his crested plume aduances,  
On Barbed horses prest with swords and lances.

Lyke as the Ocean chafing with hys bounds,  
With raged billows flies against the Rocks  
And to the shore sends forth his hydeous sounds,  
Making the earth to tremble with his shocks?  
Euen thus they murmur flyes from shore to shore,  
Lyke to the canons battering fearefull rore.

By day and night attended still with spyes,  
The Court be came the cause of all our woes,  
The Country now a Campe of enimies,  
The Cities are be-peopled with our foes.  
Our very beds are snars made to enwrap vs,  
Our surest guard ( as Traytors ) doe intrap vs.

Like to a cry of roaring-mouthed hounds,  
Rouzing the long-liu'd stag out of his layre,  
Pursue the chase through vastie forrest grounds,  
So lyke a thunder ratling in the ayre,  
Thus doe they hunt vs, still from coast to coast,  
Most hated now, of those we fauored most.

Thy

*Piers Gaueſton,*

Thys gracious Prince loe thus becomes my guide,  
And with a Conuoy of ſome choſen friends,  
Brings mee to Yorke, where being fortified,  
To *Balioll* the King of Scots hee ſends,  
And to the Welchmen, crauing both their ayde,  
That by their help the Barrons might be ſtayd.

But they which in their buſines neuer ſlepe,  
And (as it ſeemd) had well fore ſeen thys thing,  
Cause al the Ports and Marſhes to be kept,  
That none ſhould enter to aſſiſt the King:  
And by diſſwaſiue Letters ſtill deuſe,  
To ſtay their neighbors from this enterprize.

Loe, in this ſort the King and I betrayd,  
And to their wills thus left as woſull thralls,  
And nnding now no further hope of ayde,  
We ſhut vs vp within Yorke's aged walls,  
Vntill we knew the Barrons full intent,  
And what all this rude hurly burly ment.

This gracious King, waiting his wonted reſt,  
And raling ſtill in this perplexity,  
With grieuous ſicknes is ſo ſore oppreſt,  
And growne by this to ſuch extremity,  
As he is forced to depart away,  
A while to purge this humor at the ſea.

From



*Piers Ganeſton.*

From Bedford now ( the ſynod of their ſhame,  
The court ſell houſe of all their villany, )  
Theſe bloody Barrons with an Army came,  
Downe vnto York, where they beſieged mee :  
I hat now not able to reſiſt their might,  
Am forſt perforce, to flye a way by night.

To Scarborough with ſpeed away I poſt,  
With that ſmall force the Citty then could lend me,  
The ſtrongest Caſtell there in all the coaſt,  
And ( as I thought ) the ſureſt to defend me,  
Where as I might withſtand them by my power,  
Hoping the Kings returning euery howre.

But now, like to a ſouſing ſuddaine raine,  
Forc'd by a ſtrong and ſturdy eaſtrene blaſt,  
Or ( like a hayle-ſtorme ) downe they come againe,  
And in the Caſtell girt me now ſo faſt,  
No way to ſcape, nor hope for mee to flie,  
My choyce was hard, or yeeld my ſelfe, or die.

Away thus ( like a pryſoner ) am I led,  
My costly robes in peeces rent and torne,  
Bound hand and foote, my haire diſheuled,  
Naked and bare as euer I was borne,  
Saue but for ſhame, to ſtop the peoples cryes,  
Am baſely clothed of mine enemies.

Along

*Piers Ganeſton.*

Along the Land, toward *Oxford* they conuay mee,  
Like bauling curreſes, they all about mee houle:  
With words of foule reproch they now repay mee,  
Wondring my ſhame, as byrds doe at an Owle.  
Curling my life, my manners, and my birth,  
A ſcourge of God, ordaind to plague the earth.

The King now hearing how I was areſted,  
And knew my quarrell cauſe of all this ſtriſe,  
He writes, he ſends, he ſues, he now requested,  
Vſing all means he could to ſaue my life.  
With vowes and othes, that all ſhould be amende  
If that my death alone might be ſuſpended.

And being brought to *Dedington* at laſt,  
By *Amyr valence*, Earle of *Pembrook* then,  
Who towards King *Edward* rode in all the haſt,  
And left mee guarded ſafelie by his men.  
This gentle Earle with meer compaſſion moued,  
For *Edwards* ſake, which he ſo deerly loued.

But now *Guy Beuchampe*, whom I feared ſtill,  
The Earle of *Warwick*, whom I called curre  
Hauing fit time to execute his will,  
The Fox thus caught, he vowes to teare my furre.  
And he for whom ſo oft he ſett the trap,  
By good ile luck, is fallen into his lap.

Th

*Peirs Gaueston.*

This bloody *Beuchampe*, (I may tearme him so,)  
For this was he which onely fought my blood,  
Now at the vp-cast of mine ouer-throw,  
And on the chaunce wheron my fortune stood,  
To *Dedington* by night came, where I lay,  
And by his force, hee tooke me thence away.

To *Warwick* thus fast bound hee doth me bring,  
Imprisoninge me with in the Castell there  
And doubting now my succor from the King,  
Hee rayseth vp the power of *Warwick-shiere*.  
By whom forth with to *Blackloue* I was led.  
And on a Scaffold there, I lost my head.

Loe heere the poynt and sentence of my time,  
My liues full stop, my last Catastrophe,  
The stipend of my death-deseruing cryme,  
The Scene that ends my wofull tragedy.  
My latest *Vale*, knitting my conclusion,  
Mine vtter ruine, and my fames confusion.

Like as *Adonis* wounded with the Bore,  
From whose fresh hurt the life-warne blood doth spin  
Now lyeth wallowing in his purple gore,  
Straining his faire and Allablaster skin  
My headles bodie in the blood is left,  
Now lying brethles, and of life bereft.



*Peirs Gaveston:*

O now my Muse, put on thy Eagles wings,  
O lend some comfort to my tired ghost,  
And with *Apollos* dolefull-tuned strings,  
Now help at need, for now I need thee most.  
Sorrow Posses my hart, mine eyes, myne ears,  
My breth consume to sighs, my braine to tears,

My soule now in the heauens eternall glasse,  
Beholds the scarrs and botches of her sin,  
How filthy, vglie and deformed she was,  
The lothsome dunghill that she wallowed in,  
Her pure Creator sitting in his glory,  
With eyes of iustice to peruse her storie.

Lyke as a stagge at bay amongst the hounds,  
The blodie Moatt still sounding in his ears,  
Feeling his breth diminish by his wounds,  
Poures downe his gummy life-preseruing tears.  
Euen thus my soule, now bayted by my sin.  
Consuming shewes the sorrow she is in.

Thus comfortles, forsaken and alone,  
All worldlie things vnstable, and vnure,  
By true contrition flyes to him alone,  
In whose compare, the heauens are most impure.  
By whose iust doome, to blessed soules reuealed,  
She gets her passport to *Elisia* sealed.

And

*Peris Gaueston*

And by repentance, finds a place of rest,  
Where passing to the faire *Elisian* plaine.  
Shee is aloud her roome amongst the blest,  
In those Ambrosian shadowes to remaine.  
Till summond thus by Fame, she is procur'd,  
To tell my life which hath been thus obscur'd.

This monster now, this many headed beast,  
The people, more vnconstant then the wind,  
Who in my life my life did so detest,  
Now in my death, are of another mind.  
And with the fountains from their teareful eyes,  
Doe honor to my latest obsequies.

Star-holding heauen hath shut vp all her light,  
Nature become a stepdame to her owne,  
The mantled truch-man of the Raven-hued night,  
In mournfull Sables clad the Horizon.  
The sky-borne planets seeming to conspire,  
Against the ayre, the water, earth and fire.

Pearle-paued *Auon*, in her stremfull course,  
With heauy murmure floting on the stones,  
Mou'd with lament to pittie and remorse,  
Attempering sad musick to my moans,  
Tuning her billowes to sweet *zephyrs* breath,  
In watry language doth bewaile my death.

*Piers Ganeſton.*

Oke shadowed *Arden*, ſild with billowing cries,  
Reſounding through her holts and hollow grounds,  
To which the Eccho euer-more replies,  
And to the fields ſends forth her hideous ſounds,  
And in hir Siluan rude vntuned ſongs,  
Makes byrds, and beaſts, for to expreſs my wrongs

The heauen-dyed flowers in this happy clyme,  
Mantling the Medowes in their Summers pride,  
As in the wofull froſtie winter time,  
Drouping with faintnes hold their heads aſide.  
The boyſtrous ſtorms, diſpoile the greenest greues,  
Stripping the Trees ſtark naked of their leaues

Death cald in liueries of my louely cheeks,  
Layd in thoſe beds of Lillyes and of Roſes,  
Amaz'd with meruaile, heere for wonders, ſeeks,  
Were he alone a Paradiſe ſuppoſes,  
Grew malecontent, and with himſelfe at ſtrife,  
Not knowing now if hee were death or life.

And ſhutt ing vp the caſements of thoſe lights,  
Which like two ſuns, ſo ſweetly went to reſt,  
In thoſe faire globes he ſaw thoſe heauenly lights,  
In which alone he thought him onely bleſt.  
Curſing himſelfe, who had depriued breth  
From that which thus could giue a life in death.

With



*Peirs Ganeſton.*

With palenes touching that faire rubied lip,  
Now waxing purple, like *Adonis* flower,  
Where Iuory walls thoſe rocks of Curral keep,  
From whence did flow that Nectar-streaming ſhower,  
There earth-pale Death refreſht his tired limms,  
Where *Cupid* bath'd hym in thoſe Chriſtall brimms.

And entring now into that houſe of glory,  
That Temple with ſweet Odors long perfumed,  
Where nature had ingraued many a ſtory,  
In Letters, which by death were not conſumed.  
Accurſed now, his crueltie he curſt,  
That Fame ſhould liue, when death had done his worſt

Now when the King had notice of my death,  
And that hee ſaw his purpoſe thus preuented,  
In greeuous ſighes hee now conſumes his breath,  
And into tears his very eyes relented:  
Curſing that vile and mercy-wanting age,  
And breakes into this paſſion in his rage.

O heauens ( quoth hee ) lock vp the liuing day,  
Cease ſunn to lend the world thy glorious light,  
Starrs, flye your courſe, and wander all aſtray,  
Moone, lend no more thy ſiluer ſhine by night.  
Heauen, ſtarrs, Sun, Moone, conioyne you al in one,  
Reuenge the death of my ſweet *Ganeſton*.

Earth,

*Piers Ganeſton.*

Earth, be thou helples in thy creaturs birth,  
Sea break thou forth from thy immured bound,  
Ayre, with thy vapors poyſon thou the earth,  
Wind, break thy Caue, and all the world confound.  
Earth ſea, ayre, wind, conioyne you all in one,  
Bewaile the death of my ſweet *Ganeſton*.

You ſavage beaſts, which haunt the way-leſs woods,  
You Birds delighted in your Siluan ſound,  
You ſcaly Fiſh, which ſwim in pleaſant floods,  
You hartleſs Wormes which creep vpon the ground,  
Beaſts, birds, fiſh, Wormes, each in your kind alone  
Bewaile the death of my ſweet *Ganeſton*.

Faire Medowes, be you withered in the prime,  
Sun-burnt and bare, be all the goodly Mountains,  
Groues, be you leaueleſs in the Summer time,  
Pitchy and black be all the Chriſtall Fountains:  
All things on earth, each in your kind alone,  
Lament the death of my ſweet *Ganeſton*.

You damned Furies, break your *Stigian* Cell,  
You wandring ſpirits, in water, earth, and ayre,  
Lead-boyled ghoſts which lue in loweſt hell,  
Gods, diuels, men, vnto mine ayde repayre,  
Come all at once, conioyne you all in one,  
Reuenge the death of my ſweet *Ganeſton*.

Eye

*Piers Ganeſton.*

Eyes neuer ſleep, vntill you ſee reuenge,  
Head, neuer reſt, vntill thou plot reuenge,  
Hart, neuer think, but tending to reuenge,  
Hands, neuer act, but acting deep reuenge.  
Juſt-booming heauens, reuenge mee from above.  
That men vnborne may wonder at my loue,

ds, You pearllſſe Poets of enſuing times,  
Chanting Heroique Angel-tuned notes,  
Or humble Paſtors Nectar-filled lines,  
nd, Driving your flocks with muſick to their coats,  
one Let your hie-flying Muſes ſtill bemoane,  
The woſull end of my ſweet *Ganeſton*

My earth-pale body now enblamd with tears.  
To famous *Oxford* ſolemnly conuaid,  
here buried by the ceremonious Fiers,  
Where for my ſoule was many a Trentall ſaid.  
With all thoſe rites my obſequies behoued,  
Whoſe blind deuotion, time and truth reproued.

ut ere two yeeres were out and fully doted,  
His gracious King who ſtill my ſame reſpected,  
My waſted bones to *Langley* thence tranſlated,  
And ouer mee a ſtately *Tombe* erected,  
Which world-deuouring Time, hath now out-worne,  
As but for Letters, were my name ſet forme.

Eye

My



*Perris Gaueston.*

My ghost now hence to *Ankor* shall repayre,  
Where once the same appeared vnto thee:  
And vnto chaste *Idea* tell my care,  
Asacrifice both for thy selfe and mee.  
In whose sweet bosome all the Muses rest,  
In whose aspect our Clyme is onely blest.

Thus hauing told my drery dolefull tale,  
My time expir'd, I now retorne againe'  
Where *Carons* Barge hoyft with a merrie gale,  
Shall land mee on the faire *Elisian* plaine:  
Where, on the Trees of neuer dying fame,  
There will I carue *Ideas* sacred name.

And thou sweet *Dorus*, whose sole Phoenix Muse,  
With pegase wings doth mount vnto the sky,  
Whose lines the gods are fittest to peruse.  
My louelie *Dorus*, lend thine humble eye,  
To my harsh stile, ( deer frind ) at my request,  
In whose conceit my verse is onely blest.

My deer *Mæcenæ*, lend thine eyes awhile,  
From *Meridian's* sun-dred statele straine:  
And from thy rare and lofty flying stile,  
Looke downe into my low and humble vaine:  
On this swet babe my Muse hath now brought forth,  
Till thee present thee with some lines of worth.  
FINIS.

**D**ivers haue been the opinions, of the byrth and first rysing of  
Gauckon, ( amongst the *Writers* of these latter times : )  
some omitting things worthy of memory, some inferring thinges  
without probabilitie, disagreeing in many particulars, and cancel-  
ling in the circumstances of his sundry banishments; which hath  
bred some doubt among those who haue but slightly run ouer the  
History of his fortune, seeing euery man roue by his owne ayme in  
this confusion of opinions: Although most of them concluding in ge-  
nerall, of his exceeding credite with the King, of the maner of his  
death, and of the pompe wherin he lyed. Except some of those  
*Writers* who lyued in the time of Edward the second, wherin  
he onely florisht on immediatly after, in the golden raigne of Ed-  
ward the third, when as yet his memory was fresh in euery mans  
mouth: whose authorities (in myne opinion) can hardlie be repro-  
ued of any, the same beeing within the compasse of possibility, &  
the Authors names extant, auouching what they haue written.  
On whom I onely relyed in the plot of my History, hauing recognise  
to some especiall collections gathered by the industrious labours of  
Iohn Stow, a diligent Chronigrapher of our time. A man very ho-  
nest, exceeding painfull, and rich in the antiquities of this Ile: yet  
omitting some small things of no moment, fearing to make his Tra-  
gedy more troublesome, amongst so many currants as haue fallen out  
in the same: framing my selfe to fashion a body of a historie, with-  
out maiime or deformitie. Which if the same be accepted thank-  
fully, as I offer it willingly, in contenting you, I onely satisfie my-  
selfe.

G.